

# Invisible Ties

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Category: Kuroshitsuji

Genre: Crime, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Ciel P., OC, Sebastian M., Vincent P.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-13 15:26:34

Updated: 2016-04-16 13:47:37

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:43:37

Rating: T

Chapters: 3

Words: 4,079

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Ciel and Sebastian follow unusually vague implication of the Queen to observe a concert. Despite it being a charity event, Ciel has his very own reasons to attend and investigate, not aware of the extend of the after hour occurrences taking place in this venue.

## 1. Prologue

**\*\*The Royal Albert Music Hall Investigation\*\***

**\*\*~ Prologue ~\*\***

Phantomhive Manor, spring of 1891.

In his study Ciel tossed the mouthpiece of the telephone onto his desk before dropping unceremoniously into his armchair.

"I dare say the young master is dissatisfied with the outcome of this particular phone call?" Sebastian inquired with a teasing, ironic undertone in his voice while taking the phone away.

"Aren't you sharp to catch on on this particular morning." Ciel retorted, his head resting on his propped up arm while his eye focused on anything but the servant he was talking to.

"It is quite unusual for the young master to be this upset over not being able to attend a charity concert. And here I was thinking charity was the last thing on your mind altogether." Sebastian easily withstood the glare his master was directing at him.

"Of course I do not care one bit about the outcome of this inferior cause." He paused, diverting his gaze once more. "But there is an artist I had hoped to hear again. She had stopped performing very suddenly some years back but I used to see almost every concert of her."

Sebastian lifted a brow. It almost sounded like the young master had an idol when it came to playing the violin. How had he not caught on to that yet?

"I do admit, now I regret too that you were not able to be able to hear the lady play again. It might have improved your violin play perhaps even a little." Sebastian wore the same inappropriately cheerful smile that was so typical for him, very much to Ciel's annoyance.

"If you must know I wanted to play the violin after hearing her for the first time..." He admitted after a moment's pause. Then he smirked looking up to his butler.

"Sebastian...you will get me prime seats for that concert, that is-"

"May I interrupt for just a second, a letter arrived for you just minutes ago." Sebastian pulled out a letter with a very familiar seal. "Perhaps you want to read this first?"

Ciel narrowed his eye while grabbing the letter from Sebastian. "Perhaps you should have opened with this information when you entered the room?" He spat, appalled by the possibility his butler had wanted to make a fool out of him.

A flicker of a mix of emotions crossed his young features when he looked at the royal seal for this letter could contain anything from a tea invitation to an assassination order.

\_My dear boy, \_

Ciel was both touched and embarrassed every time her majesty referred to him this way. But mostly the latter.

\_Have you heard the Baroness Von Weizsäcker is performing again? If I remember correctly your father was very fond of her music and I can only hope you inherited his taste in music.\_

\_It saddens me that I will be out of the country on official business on the 23rd of March for I would have very much loved to hear her bring the violin to life once more.\_

\_It would be a shame to let the tickets go to waste so allow me to enclose them to you, a sign of deep gratitude for your service to our great nation.\_

\_Don't get lost in the music too much though, dear boy, for I very much wish to hear your take on the night over afternoon tea.\_

\_Be well, \_

\_Queen Victoria\_

Ciel smirked having finished reading the letter. He carefully folded it up and stored it in a drawer of his desk. "I shall very much enjoy this game, your majesty."

## 2. Chapter 1

**\*\*Chapter 1 \*\***

**\*\*A dozen white roses\*\***

Ciel took off his top hat as he entered his townhouse in London. His gaze wandered over to Sebastian before addressing his servant.

"Prepare tea and a light snack. I will be in my study momentarily."

Sebastian nodded and bowed before moving towards the kitchen. He was quite intrigued by his young master's most peculiar behaviour. During the coach ride he had not unpacked anything from his bag to keep him occupied and merely looked out the window for the entire 4 hours. And not even wearing a scowl in prospect of having to attend a social gathering. How queer.

And now he retreated to his study. Sebastian smiled, because at least that type of seclusion was very typical for the young master.

He moved down to the kitchen, preparing a fresh tray of biscuits, cucumber sandwiches and Ceylon Assam tea. But while the demon was arranging the plates and cup a string of wailing violin notes echoed through the otherwise empty house.

A small smile flickered to existence in Sebastian's face. So that has been it. There was something about having to see the violinist perform and now that the time drew close, his master was revealing bit by bit why. He took his time collecting the accessories required for a proper tea break and listened to the light play of the young master. It was a very rudimentary piece that he played, one for beginners and far below Ciel's skill level. But he played it with light touch andâ€¦ well Sebastian wasn't entirely certain what else was different about it, but he didn't detest listening to it.

His step was light as ever while ascending to the second floor. While passing the music room Ciel changed the music sheets, playing a more ambitious piece. With a small smirk Sebastian recognised it as the piece he had tried to teach Ciel two weeks ago and that had frustrated the boy to no end. And his play now was hesitant too, but gaining in tempo and Sebastian could hear his master's hand was no longer quivering when attempting the most difficult part of this piece.

He nodded in approval before moving on to deliver the refreshments to the master's study, just like Ciel had ordered. For a while Sebastian remained standing in the corner of the room while simply listening, but grew impatient soon.

The tea was cooling and he refused to be held responsible for that. So with a sigh Sebastian left the room before entering the music room.

He hadn't been able to deduct what was different, but upon entering he saw it with his own eyes: Ciel was not looking at the sheets and instead had his eyes closed. Sebastian remained standing there silently, enjoying the fact that Ciel had no idea he was being watched.

Ciel finished the piece, chuckling lightly when he had finished. Finally he had managed. But his mood plummeted when he looked up only to see a smirking demon standing in the entrance way.

"What the-!" He was too flustered to come up with words right away and instead turned away to hide his embarrassment. It wasn't like him to derive joy from as small an accomplishment as this and he didn't want to share this with Sebastian. His butler's pleasant smile seemed always to mock Ciel regardless of the circumstances.

"Young Master, I prepared refreshments in the study and feared your tea would go cold. So I came to fetch you." Sebastian kindly supplied, his smile unwavering.

Ciel was still frowning, somehow honestly doubting his good intentions yet still put down the instrument before exiting the room.

"If I may, allow me to remark the considerate improvement over last week's lesson. Did muse strike you over night?" Sebastian followed behind Ciel, ever so eager to be available should his master need his services. The lack of immediate reply, no matter how unrefined, had Sebastian believe he wasn't that far off the mark.

"Just indulging in the luxury of nostalgia." Ciel finally said while entering his study.

"Nostalgia?" Sebastian repeated, suppressing and amused chuckle. What could do a child like him possibly feel nostalgic about? Whenever Sebastian used this word, it actually referred to events of centuries passed. But Ciel... Fortunately the boy himself supplied the answer soon after.

"If you must know this was one of the first pieces I ever succeed in playing." He had his eyes closed, avoiding eye contact with Sebastian.

"It was?" The demon couldn't help but be a tad surprised about that. While it was a very basic piece, it was still difficult for beginners. And children. Sebastian smirked at the thought. It was true that he kept thinking of Ciel as a child, kept the image of the ten year old boy that had summoned him vividly in his mind. But humans grew up so fast and it was only fair to admit the young master was closer to being a young man rather than just a boy. He even had to completely clear out Ciel's closet to make room for clothes that fit his growing body, much to Nina Hopkins' joy.

"Yes. It was the piece that made me...want to play the violin." Ciel added after a few moments of sipping tea.

"I thought you said your father picked the instrument?" Sebastian replied before smirking. "Did I catch the young master lying to me?"

Ciel scoffed while shaking his head. "Indeed my predecessor had chosen that, but I refused to put effort into it. I thought it so very dull. Until he took me to a concert where I heard this piece."

"And perhaps, by any chance, would that song have been performed by

the Lady Katharina?" Sebastian asked, a smirk growing on his lips. So that was it. The pieces fell in place nicely.

"So what if it was?!" Ciel exclaimed, far too angry than what the situation called for. Sebastian of course knew that and he also knew just how to add insult to...insult.

"There is no need to be ashamed, young master, even great men are allowed to show admiration for the finer arts on occasion. Do you wish for me to arrange for flowers being send to the Lady?" Sebastian offered graciously, for once being in fact supportive instead of just snooping around in Ciel's past.

Ciel's gaze wavered, he was unsure about this. "Roses, white ones. Make it a dozen." He finally said after a moment of consideration.

"But don't include a card. I just heard she likes those flowers."

\_From who\_? Sebastian wondered, yet simply excused himself to see to it.

\* \* \*

><p>It was still early in the day, only about noon when Ciel and Sebastian took their place on the opposite site of the music hall. Ciel wore poor clothing looking as inconspicuous as the dirt under his feet.<p>

"How dreadfully boringâ€|" Ciel muttered after an hour of watching people come and go. Sebastian who wore his black trench coat smirked at his master before shrugging his shoulders ever so slightly.

"It was the young master that insisted on observing the entirety of the event."

Ciel shook his head, scowling. "That's when I thought we would have a chance to have a look at the preparations withinâ€|"

But when they had tried to make their way inside, pretending to be workers, they had been stopped before getting past the staff entry. That by itself was suspicious to Ciel. But with so many people bustling around breaking in seemed dangerous to attempt. If trapped in a jail cell, he would surely miss the entire show.

A carriage pulled up between the waiting duo and their target and Ciel moved so he wouldn't miss anything that was going on. It was the oldest trick in the book to obscure sight when something of importance was going to happen.

A tall woman with light brown hair stepped out of the carriage, her coat plain yet expensive. Her light blue eyes pierced through the scenery in front of her and she adjusted her neatly pinned up hair.

After stepping to the side a young man followed right behind her. He overlooked her by merely an inch and his brown eyes flickered over to her before settling down on the music hall.

It took Ciel but a moment to recognize her. That was indeed the Baroness Katharina. Finally, after Diedrich had refused to make an introduction for years, she stood right in front of him, right when he was in no position to greet her. Perfect.

But she looked different then from what he remembered. It was hard to tell since he had to draw from a memory that was years old, but more than anything she looked her age. Perhaps that was the best way to put it. Without her bright smile and eyes brimming with emotions she looked quite ordinary and for a moment Ciel was disappointed and embarrassed to have any level of admiration for this woman.

She turned to look at the young man with brown locks next to her and rested a hand on his cheek, smiling knowingly before her eyes dropped on Ciel. The boy found he had been staring at them.

"Hey boy, if you would like to earn a coin or two help my servant with my luggage." Her voice was level, with a slight german accent and Ciel realised he had never heard her speak before, only play.

He looked around, finding Sebastian still leaning against the wall way back. Yes, like a moth to the light Ciel had walked up here all by himself.

And earned him a ticket inside.

"Yes, ma'am." He hurried to reply and the young man that had sitting with her in the carriage, her servant apparently, approached him to show him where the cases of the lady were. Ciel looked up and down the man. He was dressed too well for a servant, he found. The grey-blue waistcoat, while plain in pattern and cut, was of high quality fabric as well as the shirt underneath. But the most profound hint that he was dressed above the supposed position were his shoes. Sturdy leather boots like this cost a small fortune. Either this was a very generous lady or this was no servant.

However, he did grab the biggest case while leaving the smaller ones for Ciel and the boy couldn't help but be grateful for this. Without hesitation Ciel followed the duo, suppressing a smug smile when passing the men that would not have let him enter previously.

\* \* \*

><p>I have a picture of Daniel and Katharina on my Deviant Art account, but FF won't let me post links (regardless how many spaces i introduce...). In case you want to see them, the title is 'Daniel and Katharina' and my account name is Bcpupu<p>

### 3. Chapter 2

\*\* - Chapter 2 - \*\*

\*\*Entering the stage\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>AN: sentences in italics mean it's in the past<p>

\* \* \*

><p>Ciel noticed a very sudden change in demeanour in the Lady who led the way. She was no longer the tall, thin woman with the inconspicuous coat. Now she was the gladiator that entered the arena.<p>

"My dressing room is right over here, Daniel will tell you where to drop my belongings." Ciel found even Katharina's voice had changed. She was in command here and every stride she took was prideful and strong.

Daniel seemed to be used to that change since in contrast to Ciel, he wasn't pausing in wonder. The trio of them walked through hallways with a surprising amount of people moving about. Then he remembered he wasn't here to silently admire a musician.

His gaze flickered over details that might amount to something important. Everything was a random mix of scents, materials and colours. After some moments Ciel found he was staring into nothingness, overloaded with impressions. Blinking, he found the lady and her servant had stopped in front of a door. Daniel placed the case he had carried down and opened the door for his lady, smiling at her while letting her through. The lady stopped in front of Daniel and caressed his cheek gently while looking into his eyes.

Ciel found this level of display of affection was absolutely misplaced and quite frankly inappropriate. Not only because of their age difference but more importantly because of their positions.

The lady smiled before moving past her servant while looking over her shoulder, addressing Ciel now.

"Why don't you come â€" Katharina's voice suddenly stopped when she looked around. Looking past her, Ciel could clearly understand why. The entire room was flooded with flowers, cards and bundles of letters.

And all he had sent were some white roses. Well, it wasn't too late to send moreâ€|

"My... It seems someone still remembers me." She said before giggling lightly, giving the illusion of a young girl for just a few seconds.

She turned around to the two young men before shaking her head with a smile. "Daniel, why don't you show the boy around for a bit? Give him a few coins before sending him off."

Her servant was obvious surprised by her order and took a step forward. "Are you sure, my Lady? Do you not need my assistance here?"

Ciel couldn't help but send a quick glare towards Daniel. How impudent to question a command like this. Even Sebastian only dared doing so when they were alone. Yet his lady was not offended at all.

"I'll be quite alright. I shall see you later." She brushed over Daniel's cheek again before stepping towards the flowers. "That will be all."

Ciel hurried to turn around and leave the room, Daniel close behind. There were many, many questions flying through Ciel's mind regarding this peculiar couple. But with a shaking of his head, Ciel cleared his mind, intent to focus on his surroundings now.

\* \* \*

><p>Once the door shut, Katharina rushed over to grasp a bundle of white roses and pressed it against her chest. The scent alone brought back so many memories -good and bad ones- so much so that she sunk into a nearby chair.<p>

Her fingertips brushed over the petals, one by one, reliving the moment she had first been gifted this flower that so many thought unbecoming of joyful events.

But he had always disagreed. Not just with this popular opinion, but many others. One of the first things that had attracted her to him, so many many years ago.

\_A\_ \_young Katharina of 13 years was clutching her hands. There were so many people out there, and no one had told her that! It had sounded like just a small concert for pupils. But for every student of Weston there were at least five more relatives present, amounting to a staggering amount of people.\_

\_"Diedrich, wie kannst du mir das nur antun?!"\_

\_[ "Diedrich, how could you have done this to me?!"]\_

\_Katharina muttered under her breath. Her cousin was chatting with friends from his house and out of her reach since she had not been introduced to any of them yet. She would get back at him for that...\_

\_Looking around, she spotted no one she knew aside from her chaperone and she was dreadful company for a young girl like her. So Katharina sighed and looked into her sheets again. After dinner she would perform a few songs, she a cherished protÃ©gÃ© of the violin, so she might as well go through them again. \_

\_"Violin, huh? That is a difficult piece right there." Someone, a man no less, was peeking over her shoulder, startling Katharina. Who was that?! She didn't know him...\_

\_"I'm sorry...did we..meet before?" She asked hesitantly while taking a step back. But the young man just chuckled and extended his hand to greet her properly.\_

\_"We? No, not yet. I'm Vincent, Earl of Phantomhive."\_

Katharina giggled again before a tear ran down her cheek. No, he had never cared much for society's shackles...\_

\* \* \*

><p>Daniel wasn't too eager showing Ciel around, this much Ciel understood soon. But he needed to take advantage of the access that this granted him. Unfortunately he had to feign ignorance when it



came to what he could ask for to be shown.<p>

"So, this is the seating area." Daniel told him, peeking with him from behind the curtain. They shouldn't be here since this was reserved for visitors and not workers.

"An amphitheater..." Ciel muttered involuntarily. He had been inside as a boy, he was certain, but the inner architecture had not what he had remembered. The child back then had other priorities.

\_So many people, all dressed in clothes that were bright in color and with ribbons and pleats. \_

\_A four year old Ciel tightly held on to his father's hand while walking through the crowd. The seats were crimson red\_

just like they were still now

\_and soft to the touch when his father put him down on one of them. The seat was so big that Lizzie would have fit in there with him\_

and she would have liked that too

\_but aunt Francis hadn't allowed for her to come with them. The light dimmed and he saw a smile of anticipation blooming on his father's lips. Ciel only looked back at stage when the first tune quivered through the hall, a tune more beautiful than Ciel had ever heard.\_

"Yes, that's what it's called..." Daniel said slowly, eyeing Ciel suspiciously And bringing the boy back to the present. "Say, what was your name again?"

Ciel looked up, cursing internally. "Adam. The seats look so comfortable... Think we can sit down on one of them?" Maybe this would quell the suspicion that Daniel wasn't even trying to veil. But Ciel had a few aces up his sleeve too, his innocent voice and smile being two of them.

Daniel patted his head before laughing. "Sure why not? It's rare for servants and workers like us to sit on cushioned chairs like those."

Ciel still fought against the urge to slap the man's hand off his head and managed to nod only.

"A servant's life looks very comfortable though." Ciel began. "You wear good clothes too."

Daniel's gaze hardened for a second before his brown eyes were back to being kind and warm. "It's true, I can't complain. The lady Katharina is very kind. But not all masters are like this, I truly was lucky."

\_yeah, lucky to be pretty.\_... Ciel mused but kept his thoughts to himself. He wondered if the lady extended this kindness to all of her male servants...

His train of thoughts was cut short when Daniel suddenly pulled Ciel

back behind the curtain. Moments later Ciel understood why. The doors had rattled and were now pushed open. Daniel looked at him intently before whispering. "Don't talk. Don't move."

Men had entered from the other end of the room and some carried big boxes. Both Ciel and Daniel peeked from behind the curtain, both frowning.

Quite the peculiar thing happened. Following a list these people hid small parcels under some seats. Not many, to be sure, but Ciel couldn't help but wonder what was in it.

"We've seen enough..." Daniel whispered next to his ears before he retreated, dragging Ciel with him. The boy was smart enough to not resist too much, but he had wanted to see more, needed to see more.

"What do you think that was?" Ciel asked innocently once they were out in the clear but Daniel shook his head.

"You should not have seen this, don't ever mention it to anyone. For your own safety..." Daniel added while heading straight for the exit. Ciel suppressed a sigh when he realized that his luck had run out and he would get the boot.

"Thank you, I will head your advice." Ciel said, adding a warm and fake smile on top of it. And he immediately saw Daniel bought it for the young man grinned back at him.

"Thanks again for your help, boy." Once more Ciel got his head patted by him and once more he tried very hard not to glare, cringe or pull away.

"No problem!" Ciel instead exclaimed before running out the exit, waving over his shoulder.

Daniel's smile died the moment Ciel was out of sight. He had no idea who exactly that boy was, but he knew it was a spy. No normal working boy would \_forget\_ to demand his pay, no matter how small.

End  
file.